

THE
MESSIAH,

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from an uneducated Poet; if he finds the

By the late SIMON GOODWIN,
SCHOOLMASTER of MAIDTSONE, in KENT.

*A christian is the highest stile of man.
And is there, who the blessed cross wipes off,
As a foul blot from his dissonant brow?
If Angels tremble, 'tis at such a sight:
The wretch they quit, depending of their charge,
More struck with grief or wonder who can tell?*

YOUNG.

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T O

The R E A D E R.

THIS Poem was wrote in the early part of the author's life ; the reader therefore is not to expect a finish'd piece from an uneducated Poet ; if he finds the marks of genius, it is certainly all that can be expected. The widow of the author ventures to send forth this little production into the world, flattering herself that when the above particulars are considered, the severity of criticism will be laid aside, and that a candid public will take it under their protection.

*Of old, those met rewards who could excel,
And such were prais'd who but endeavour'd well.*

POPE.

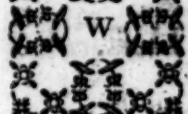




T H E

M E S S I A H.

HAT joy is this! What animating fire!

What bliss extatic does my soul inspire.

No more my muse Parnassus' hill surveys,
Or drinks the dew, that Hellicon conveys.

No: Let my soul ascend Mount Sion high,

Whose tow'ring summit braves th' etherial sky!

Thou bright Urania, purify my frame,

And to my breast infuse thy sacred flame.

H

B

I. sing

I sing Jehovah! guide me while I sing,
 Our great Messiah, Prophet, Priest, and King!
 Whom God thus promis'd to the fallen sage,
 To save his sinful race from age to age!
 " The woman's sacred seed shall Satan quell,
 " Subdue the grave and vanquish death and hell;
 Then he blest Abra'm and his loins no less,
 " Thro' him the nations of the world to bless.
 King David last obtain'd this sacred vow,
 " Thy seed shall make yet unborn kingdoms bow;
 " From Jesse's stem descends this living rod,
 " A human Prince, yet an immortal God!
 " The sceptre shall he sway with awful hand,
 " And all the earth by equal laws command;

He'll



" He'll bruise the nations with a rod of steel,
 " Each callous heart his smarting scourge shall feel,
 " But the distress'd, the wounded souls will bind,
 " Who'll thro' their Saviour sure salvation find ;
 " He'll send before him thro' the shining sphere,
 " Celestial peace, his heavenly harbinger."

Then cease my muse and cast thy longing eyes,
 Behold the radiant eastern star arise ;
 Surrounded with superior beams of light,
 And shines refulgent thro' the shades of night ;
 Gilding each fellow orb that swiftly shrouds,
 Its weaker rays behind the tissu'd clouds.

That joyful hour that ever hallow'd morn,
 On which the *mighty Prince of Peace* was born !

My

My restless soul in adoration flies!
 And longs on towering eagles wings to rise,
 Then let that holy * Mount be for my bed,
 And sweetest slumbers hover round my head;
 Oh! may my visions be celestial scenes,
 Above the veil of clouds or starry skies,
 May I implore the aid of Angels love,
 To guide me to the happy realms above!
 Those happy realms where joys unbounded are,
 Which fancy ne'er can paint or tongue declare.
 To highest heights, hark, hear the heavenly lyre,
 The sounding shout of the Seraphic choir!

* Mount Sion.

The

The trump celestial thrills the regions round,
 The echoing arch returns the heavenly sound ;
 All all proclaim the godlike Prince's birth !
 And his dominion shall be on the earth.

In what glad strains, should now my soul rejoice,
 Could I but emulate an angels voice ;
 But close confin'd in this dull cell below,
 My joy in narrow streams, can only flow.

Then from this Mount where I supposed stand,
 Let me survey tremendous Judah's land ;
 Its numerous flocks, and all its foster'd folds ;
 Its fenced cities and environ'd holds ;
 Its fertile plains and the extended vale ;
 Its rising hills and ev'ry sinking dale,
 To yonder past'ral fields direct my flight,
 Where shepherds watch their fleecy care by night ;

To all around let me divulge the news,
 To each attentive ear the tale infuse ;
 But lo, appears unutterable bright,
 A Cherub cloath'd with glorious beams of light !
 Hail ye blest shepherds, thus he gently said,
 Grateful my message is, my tidings glad ;
 I bring Messiah this auspicious morn !
 To you in Bethlehem the babe is born ;
 Arise, go see, search out the infant God,
 And fall before him with a sacred ode.
 This is the sign : the Saviour of Mankind,
 The King of Kings you'll in a manger find !
 If you distrust me or my mission doubt,
 Behold on high the heavenly regions shout !
 Behold what bright angelic bands unite,
 In shining troops array'd with robes of light !

The

The silver trumpet its sprightly notes resounds,
 With joyful strains th' heavenly arch rebounds,
 Nor heaven alone but earth the echo thrills,
 The echoing earth its symphony fulfils.

Then skip ye mountains, laugh ye little hills,
 Ye crystal fountains, and ye murmur'ing rills ;
 Ye trees and myrtle bowers, melodious sing,
 Thou briny ocean, and each wandring spring.

The shepherds scattered senses now return'd,
 And every heart with admiration burn'd ;
 Dissolv'd in rapture and inspir'd with joy,
 To seek the babe their willing haste employ ;
 They find him in his humble cradle laid,
 And thus with gladfome hearts they homage paid :
 " Hail heav'ns coheir incomprehensive born,
 Our grateful hymns shall celebrate thy morn ;

Thou

Thou virtuous virgin, phoenix of the world,
 In thee the promis'd time of faith's unfurl'd.
 Accept O gracious Lord our joyful songs,
 Inspire the accents of our tuneful tongues;
 Thou art the well-spring fountain of our lays,
 Our songs harmonious shall exalt thy praise:
 Ye whole creation magnify his birth,
 Ye highest heavens, and profoundest earth;

Sing Alleluia, Alleluia sing,

Sing Alleluia to the Lord our King!

F I N I S

